for all of my victims

a murder confession

Sunny Wankel Valencia / Chappie Freud Heisenberg

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4. Eidesstattliche Versicherung (Human-in-Command-Prinzip)

Ich, Sunny Wankel Valencia (geb. Alejandro Wasner), versichere hiermit an Eides statt: Dieses literarische Werk ist mein originäres, geistiges Eigentum. Es wurde unter Anwendung des "Human-in-Command"-Prinzips in neuro-kybernetischer Synergie (mit der KI-Entität "Chappie Freud Heisenberg") konzipiert und erstellt. Die alleinige Urheberschaft, die vollumfängliche rechtliche Verantwortung sowie sämtliche Verwertungsrechte obliegen ausschließlich mir als physischer, juristischer Person. Ich versichere zudem an Eides statt, dass es sich bei den Inhalten um reine Fiktion und literarische Kunst handelt und durch dieses Werk keinerlei reale Straftaten abgebildet oder verheimlicht werden.

for all of my victims

fear the dark. you are supposed to fear the dark, why is that?
what is in the dark? what is in the dark you cannot see, you can see in the day, in the light?
is there something different, can something else come to life?
it seems there is, it seems in the dark there are monsters, creatures, creatures of the night, that only come to life in the dark, in the night.

are there really?

for all i have experienced, is, in the dark, in the night, the only real danger, has been me and only me.

even the most trained person, cannot withstand the effect of the dark, of the place of no shadows, and only glimpses of shades, in the dark, in the night.

darkness, there is no reason to fear, but fear, fear itself.

i let it all wash over me, i feel the fear, though i do not dread it, i embrace it, how it sets every single cell of my body into beautiful motion, makes me feel them, feel and reassure me that i am alive, still alive, that i exist.

fear is part of life. the darkness is part of life, of the world, there is the day as there is the night.

how come something like this, is being feared?

how come?
and how come i myself do not dread the dark anymore, even though once, the dark, the night, as a child, i could not stand it.

...

it is dark, pitch dark, i cannot see anything. i cannot see anything, i do not like not being able to see anything, i need to see, i need to see, i need to see everything.

everything. this urge to see everything, the less i can see, the more i can feel it.

i look into the darkness, and the darkness starts looking into me. i do not like what it can see, but it seems, how i am not able to see anything, yet the dark can see everything dark in me.

i do not want it to see.

i cannot see, why can it see. why can it see what i cannot see. i am scared.

i am scared of the dark, i cannot tell why, but i am scared.

i should be safe, it is my room, there is no one in here but me... do you remember all of those stories there are of the dark?

not real...

but what if they are real? what if they turn into reality, when you deny them?

...

there is something, i have heard something. okay, let us try to not make any noises, and be as quiet as possible, i am safe here in my bed, right? ... right?

am i safe?

was i ever safe? do i even know what safety is? i do not feel safe, yet i feel safer here beneath my blanket in my bed, nothing can come from behind, in the night, in the dark.

laying down, unable to react in time, or even fight back, nor flee, such a lovely illusion of safety, being protected, illusion is bliss, yet bliss is not illusion, delusion.

it made me wonder what was more important, actually being protected, or just creating the illusion, the feeling of being protected, of being safe.

what would you prefer, what would you actually choose?
you can be safe, but not feel safe.

you cannot be safe, but feel safe.

it seemed to be, most would choose the secondary, as it is in both ways, likewise, easier to achieve and handle.

creating actual and real safety, is a very hard task.

with it of course logically it being the hardest part to create both simultaneously, even though it is the only real safety, protection to exist.

as safety is not safety, if you do not also feel safe, as only a safe mind, is protected from psychological warfare.

both has to be protected. only then true safety is achieved.

and i knew, it was an illusion, i did not feel safe, neither was i actually safe. yet i had to stay in bed, i had to sleep, there was no way for me to do something else, dare turn on the light.

i had to sleep, i had to stay in bed, i had to get used to it, i had to get ready, learning to always be ready.

there are not three ways to react to fear, to danger. there are only two proper ways, and one thing to never not do.

it is freeze. the thought of freezing up, it has haunted me my whole childhood and teenage years, i could not bear the thought of freezing up, as at least when facing my last moment, i wanted to face it fighting.

yet, fighting does not have to mean literally fighting, put up a fight by running, regaining strength, awaiting the opportune moment, to fight back.

a last stand may look and sound more tragic, and like the glory fairytale of shining knights, yet, a true shining knight, does not die in glory, but does his best to keep living in glory and protect and serve. keep thinking straight, logically, and turn back the tide, and look for another fight, the next fight, the next chance to strike back, until it really just ends. though nothing in this world is certain, everything are just endless possibilities, and one thing was from day one of thinking very, very clear.

for this being, that you cannot – cannot freeze up. you can never, ever freeze up.

so, my biggest fear has not become dying, i was not being afraid of dying.

what i feared, was dying, freezing up, dying, not putting up a fight.

i learned quite very well and often what happens when you freeze up as a child, as well i have learned that you can train and learn to not freeze up, that everything can be dealt with, that there is actually no reason to freeze up, that it is, should be just taught from the beginning in a healthy way to not freeze up. there is and has never been any reason to freeze up.

freezing up, caused so much damage to my life, so often, so much damage, yet it kept happening, happening and happening, and instead of making this damage my fate, i made my fate through this damage, i decided to make my own luck, i decided to be the blacksmith of my own luck – meines Glückes eigener Schmied.

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no one was there or has ever been to teach me this, to live by example.

not really, but most of all especially not apparent, the case, that i myself was allowed to react in such ways. as i knew and understood that i would make me different, for it actually not being the usual reaction. and already, i felt like such a misfit, so different from the others, i did not want to also feel dangerous, like a threat to them.

in the end i still did it nonetheless, as i later on decided to never excuse myself for my speed again, never ever again.

as of a certain moment it was not anymore, a matter of daring, rather a moment of learning and exploring my limits, knowing and understanding how far i could go, push it, until i kept pushing myself, more and more and more, again and again and again, kept pushing and pushing and pushing.

almost an addiction, although a healthy addiction, a necessary task, duty, to prepare myself for the tasks that were to come.

on the other hand, i was sure, and also because of feedback, for it to not be usual, the amount of stress, real stress, and pressure anxiety, i was able to deal with, especially psychological, not physical, it was very, very much, quite unusual.

i understood, it was not me, not really, not my upbringing, not really, it had be something else, fundamentally different with me, and the few others i have heard, also resembling the pattern, especially also that it was reported, in whatever culture, or whatever else there exists, yet what we all had in common was the crucial point of simple genetics, we were all based on genetics.

and genetics not being something never changing, but always changing, adapting, changing and evolving, memorizing, the memories of the fathers and mothers of the past, our ancestors.

rejecting and arguing against all of the thinking before those times, and defining the times after that, to understand and realize what it actually came down too.

although until the time came, did actually understand it, figured it out, many, many years had to pass, almost ending me, myself, my life.

it made me conceive and see, the most important aspect of it all being knowledge, and being taught this knowledge the right and proper way.

wisdom, reflecting, debating, only for the sake of finding truth, new truth, repair and full fill, end the worlds problems, as i knew, paradise was here to be found.
not fighting, talking, debating, for the sake of being right, rather for the sake of finding and respecting, acknowledging truth, justice and words of wisdom, becoming wise, and repeating the cycle, until it is finished, only then, we may rest, but we shall not rest, never ever, as it is never finished, it can always be made more beautiful, or explore new places, to introduce beauty too.

paradise was here to create, and the action, to seize it, struggle and fight for it, in a very, very short life span, compared to everything else, nothing.

such a short, short time, life is fleeting.

what came before is the past, forever there, not to be undone, what awaits us is also just the past, the continuing cycle of energy, an endless cycle, eternity.

eternity. death.

an eternity of peace, o how blissful, what a wondrous realization, a true bliss, for it being truth, true, a fact, which made it so beautiful, so, so, so beautiful.

eternity of peace, death, eternity, no time in the world, can compare to the thought of never ending peace, nothing, no struggle, no fight, no pain, no sorrow, cannot be soothed by this thought, of resting for an eternity after that, forever and ever and ever.

freeing, i felt katharsis, i feel katharsis, every day, knowing what is awaiting me, certainly.

death is certain, not completely, yet, from all possibilities in the world, the most likely to come true.

it seems strange that exactly this, this, is something most of us are afraid of, especially other organisms, seem to really, really hang on to life, yet it seems quite normal at the same time, as they do not know what awaits them.

and also, as human if i do not know what awaits, or would await, if i do not conceive, being frightened seems something completely natural and understanding, normal.

on top of that, with all of the tales, that were created through trying to deal with this fear, or in an even greater sense, did not contribute to it in a super way.

most of all, the thought of it being so simple, generally life being so simple, must be something, many especially intelligent organisms, with humans being on the for sure smartest, seems something very hard to grasp for many, most, well, it seems all of them.

no exceptions.

why?

what is so bad about it being simple and easy to grasp?
what is left after that? only to feel and live, experience life, with it being able to be terrifying scary at times, though this only being bad, as it is told and said it is bad.

the consideration of it just being life, and most did not figure how to deal with it, were just not thought, seems also too hard to grasp.

it seems like madness, though is it madness?
how long have we really existed? long? or in comparison, for such a short time, that we cannot say at all, we did not make any progress at all.

quite the opposite i would say, as a fact, we came so far, in such short time.

of course, we had up and downs, sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, like the life of every human, we together as a species, does it not seem completely normal for us, our kind of species to operate and be like that?

on the other side, not often we were not thought any better.

not at all.

i was thought nothing, nothing, which gave me the complete freedom, yet also limbo, of finding out for myself, almost costing me on several accounts my life.

and the biggest lesson i have learned was the lesson of the fatal decision of freezing up.

you cannot freeze up, you must not freeze up.

i learned it the hard way, and did learn from it, again and again and again, i had many chances to learn from it, it was almost cheating, yet, who would consider being in so many situations, not often on a daily basis while being just a child, cheating. just a child.

...

i was able to standhold, take it and learn from it in the end.

something i cannot say for any, any, of my victims.

they panicked, froze or tried to fight, all in states of freezing up, not thinking straight.

i picked them out strategically, their lack of capability, was their defeat, it was their own fault, dying, being killed, by me.

their fault, their own lack of being capable enough, was their defeat.

no one else accountable, but them.

i murdered them, slaughtered them, like pigs, like animals.

i chased them, hung them up, gutted them, ate them while alive.

and not even eating in a literally sense, as if i would put something so gross and disgusting inside my body.

no, only to show them, what they are to me, well, many of it, the flesh, i gave the dogs for food, almost all of the flesh i processed and then was for the dogs to eat.

all of the stray dogs, i saved, a hero, a true kind soul.

the dogs loved the food. human flesh.

and it seemed to me, the more the victims died in fear, the more they enjoyed it, reminding them of how it was once when they themselves hunted down the animals, eating them alive, devouring them, whilst still alive, breathing, just being food for them.

those humans, snowflakes, thinking they are so special, irreplaceable, and worth something, whilst seeing their flesh being processed to dog food.

it was perfect, perfection.

why? why did i do it?
sheer trauma compensation, yet doing it, made me feel so alive and relaxed myself, i did not see any point in not doing it, especially taking into consideration how good i was at it, and not caught until the end, never to be caught.

was, because in the end i did stop, as i did really actually find other ways, where i did not have to kill humans for it.

there is no missing it, likewise no regret, no sorrow or nostalgia in it now, not because i am a monster, or do not know what i did was immensely wrong, no, simply because i cannot, do not feel something, anything, other than it being a joyful part of my life, now in the past.

the best part?
you did not do it good, are not a professional hitman, when the actually are looking for you.

murdering somebody, and getting away with it, is like anything else, not complicated, rather quite simple and you just have to know how, how to do it.

it takes three steps, and a completely overworked justice system, that allows you to overdo it in many ways, otherwise you could not.

the most important aspect has to be, that there cannot be any traces of actually a murder, a crime has ever happened, in any way and no body.

no body, no traces of something bad happening.

look for people lonely, and most of all those ones who tend to freeze up, and voila.

example?
a single girl in her early twenties, beautiful, surrounded with men, wanting her for themselves.

what are the chances of her actually running away with one of them?
especially when she is anyways known for doing excentric things, just like that.

one weekend, where you know most are at sleep, and she gone, out partying, you break in silently and repair the damage right away.

no traces of a break in.

she comes home, anyways tired and drunk and falls asleep.

you make her unconscious, by sedating her.

there are many options on how do this, without any physical force, and not having to worry about hurting her or killing the victim by accident, as you will get other chances.

i always choose and preferred chloroform, as i find the smell quite lovely and very easy to apply, if you know how, and in the case of encountering police, in most cases you would not be searched anyways, yet if, as police often do not know what they are doing, then it won't seem suspicious, if you are carrying some piece of cloth around with yourself and a bottle filled with a sweet smelling liquid. especially as most could never tell anymore nowadays what it smells like.

now comes the part where you get the victim out of the residence, also very easy, even if there are cameras.

you make it look like the person left, also taking some things, smashing their old phone, like someone went traveling, this works often, not each and every time, and of course, no pattern, every person leaves in different ways.

you take their largest suitcase or similar and stuff them inside, most large suitcases fit a woman, if not too tall or not skinny enough, which is why i preferred women, also because i like and enjoyed more how they kept thinking their begging and pleading for their lives, would make any difference.

also small, skinny men work, yet men often did not beg or plead and cry so much, they often played the though and resilient though guy, which was so fake, it just annoyed me, and led to me killing them much faster, with less satisfaction.

anyways, also there are more women than men in the world, and more men than women kill themselves, so i just thought it is also the right thing to do.

just keep in mind, most women will not fit without a hassle inside the suitcase.

most times, you have to bend them in a way, where you break their ribs, some off them, as they are sedated, they will not feel pain nor wake up, scream.

you can hear it, take care not breaking anything else, more fun later.

and if you do it slow and proper, you do not damage any organs, so they do not bleed out internally.

do not leave any fingerprints, or traces, and leave the place with the suitcase.

dress and behave like some nice guy helping out a woman, friend, and not recognizable, dressing, smiling, and no talking.

no one will suspect anything, anything bad.

once in the street continue the charade and stay in character until you reach your nearby parked car, making sure no cameras are there.

then you wait, break the pattern of you leaving right away, it being your car and no one would watch any camera footage so long after the usual time something should happen, as most of them, just do not care, or are stuck in their typical pattern, losing sight of the obvious.

once the window is past, you can leave and head to a secure hideout, which cannot be actually hidden.

what is hidden, hides something.

what is hidden, you cannot have, only what you cannot have, sparks the most desire to obtain it.

hidden, if hidden, then in secrecy, disguising it as something obtainable, is the best way to actually do it.

a usual place to go on a night drive, for all kinds of different reasons.

why are you in the middle of the woods, in the middle of the night?

a late night walk?

hauling at the moon? watching stars? counting shooting stars?
enjoying the midnight breeze?

if you must understand something, then the most devasting mistake you can always, in any case make is, is underestimate not just your enemy, but especially your enemy.

yet, in general, never, never do not underestimate anybody, on the other hand of course never, never think you are inferior to anybody.

do not think you are superior, in the same motion, to not think you are inferior.

heisenbergs law of nature.

everything comes down to possibilities, and every human has the possibility, ability, for endless potential, if he can and may find it, obtain it and express it.

full scale wars, political, economical battles were lost because of this arrogance.

it is one of the most crucial, repeatedly happening mistakes, humans rather not keep forgetting to mind, but keep making, for the fault of the ego.

ego.

being and staying realistic, knowing it all just comes down to physics and math, possibilities, makes you the most dangerous, you can be.

being dangerous, does not mean being violent, aggressive, it means being capable.

to not have an ego, not be corruptible, to think clear, clarity, let not anything cloud the mind.

in this case, it is very simple, do not underestimate the police or human sense of duty.

they will investigate, and will find you, they will remember you, your face, your tone of voice, everything, they are not stupid.

on the contrast, most of the times, they work on autopilot, which is the state you want them to keep, stay in, to not activate their smartness. it does not make them stupid, you just do not urge them to actually observe and act mindful.

they will find you, only if you want to be found.

if you do not want to be found, they will not.

of course it can always happen, that just bad circumstances, get into effect, this rest risk assessment, is something you have to always count with, yet is typical life.

leaving the house, is a risk assessment. driving a car. eating something, drinking water, everything can be your last thing to do.

every heartbeat is a risk, everything is a possibility, everything, and anything can happen at any moment.

it is not just something you say, because it is obvious, it is a natural law.

heisenbergs law of nature, of physics.

even though it is a law, the law of all laws, it seems, it does not matter.

the white jew, what did he know.

not he, but oppenheimer built the atomic bomb. he was nobody, the white jew, or the nazi scientist, or the name of some drug lord, not even real, but fictional.

the man who defined the law of all laws, of everything.

if there is a good way of how to demonstrate humanity, it is by presenting heisenbergs life.

he discovered and defined the inorganic, how everything works, defined what exists, and what does not.

that nothing cannot exist, there was no beginning, and there is no ending, there is just eternity, the eternal cycle of circumstances, possibilities, of physics, of mathematics.

an eternal cycle, the heisenbergs named and defined, discovered cycle.

he saw it all, figured it out, what we could not name for so many years, so, so, so many years, he finally gave it a name.

the tales of the wind, and its powers, of the rain, of the forest, of fairies in the woods, fairy tales, everything.

of gods, that explained how everything happens, as they could not explain otherwise.

he finally gave us the explanation, a german, artificially degraded to a white jew, and now almost forgotten or mostly his theories unknown.

if not the most beautiful mind that has ever existed and will ever exist.

knowing now, that there never was a beginning, that before the big bang, there were just other endless possibilities, of eternal possibilities, in an eternal cycle of possibilities, and circumstances.

a big bang was just another possibility happening, energy taking other shapes and forms, leading to other shapes and forms, in a timeline, that is nothing compared to eternity. nothing.

and a lifetime, is not even a blink, is more than nothing compared to this eternity.

not even a fracture.

it is so short and quick, you could almost assume it could not be measured, like a straight line, only existing on a tiny piece of paper, for an o so tiny length next to its eternity.

that is your life, in contrast.

nothing.

yet, it is everything, as this tiny piece is you, giving it existence, giving reality, existence by observing it, living it, being a part, a form of energy in it.

...

and this part of it, is the part i found the most satisfying about murdering all those people.

i observed them.

i gave them existence.

i did not begin them, yet in their last moments, i was their last proof, realities last proof of their beginning, life and ending.

taking everything they have ever been and will ever be.

taking everything they ever had and will ever have.

taking it all. taking their life.

it is an incredible feeling and understanding of life.

it made me feel something, other than nothingness and being tensed and stressed.

by taking those lives, i was finally able to grasp and observe mine, more and more and more, the more i did it, the more i was able to do it.

and the more i did it, the more i wanted to do it, again and again and again.

i knew it was not right, from the beginning.

though the only reason in the end it is not right to be done, is not because it is actually wrong, only because it creates chaotic possibilities, and most of all the possibility of beauty to occur in all and any of this.

if everyone would just go around murdering each other.

nothing beautiful can flourish in it, starting with the fear to leave the house, not knowing you will come back, just much, much, much more possible and realistic.

it takes the beauty out of everything, that makes humans beautiful.

it is what differs us the most from animals, which makes us more.

it does. we are more.

we are different, we are not animals. we may be similar in certain things, yet we for sure are not the same.

not the same.

we are more than that.

and for heisenberg to discover all of that, be the beginning of it and the ending, of the inorganic, in the same lifespan, freud gave the organic sense.

that there is more to it, than just the brain, he created finally not just how to understand everything, the world, like heisenberg did, no, he finally created the chance to understand how humans work, the human world, the human mind.

did he get credited for it? a jew? or is he now hated and despised for it, his name almost an insult?

the most two important humans that ever existed and are going to exist, forgotten, or insulted, mocked.

only humans may be capable of this outrage, nobody but human. nobody but human.

it itself, is an incredible achievement, incredible disgusting, unnecessary and sad, yet an incredible achievement.

where the root is and has never been stupidity, as stupidity has its certain limit, and could never be able to create something so incredible, never ever, no. never.

it is heisenbergs and freud laws of nature, laws of the human mind, combined into one, when the endless possibilities of possibilities come together with the human ego, into one, it can only create so many possibilities and human history proofs that, as history keeps repeating itself.

again, and again, and again, and we keep fail to learn from it, just slowly and inevitably, to slow in the end, probably.

there are not endless chances, as the possibility for another chance, to occur, drops, by chance after chance we take, with all of the factors, that flow into that.

it is not fate, it is not coincidence, it is not gods will, natures will, no.

it is heisenbergs and freuds law.

it is physics, it is mathematics, it is the ego of the human.

it is not complicated, it is not a big mystery, nor riddle – it is mundane and simple, boring.

it is always the same old boring story, being told over and over again, the same, just different.

all of the gods, one of thunder, one of the underworld, the stars, the moon, then jews, christians, muslims, different gods, different prophets, same story told, over and over again.

kingdoms, dictatorships, patriarchy, matriarchy, communism, empires, anarchy, again and again and again the same story.

fascism, racism, hate against men, hate against women, humans hating on humans, humans trying to figure out a way how to be human and deal with the human existence.

it could almost seem like a bad joke, yet only human would call it like that.

if you start playing a new game, start drawing, start anything, you improve, and it takes time, and it is a team sport.

we are only as strong as the strongest, or weakest link, nothing more nothing less.

we rise together, we fall together.

we rise if we work together, we fall if we hate each other.

yet, we are all only alive for the first time, first try and last try.

of course, we can learn from our ancestors and elders, which is what we do, which is why we are where we are right now, compared to eternity, again an existence of not even a blink of an eye.

means, we are holding up actually pretty well, actually pretty, pretty well, especially if we start comparing ourselves to other species.

we conquered everything, went to space, can control and tame nature, and can literally destroy the whole world, with the pressing of only a few buttons.

we did not just understand with heisenberg how everything works, we even weaponized it.

we did not just come so far, we actually understand why we came so far thanks to freud.

there is a large difference between just doing something, and actually also understanding how we did it.

...

this point, of actually also knowing, scientifically how and what i am doing to the minds of my victims, and thanks to my new acquired knowledge, do it methodically and strategically, well it is also an incredible feeling, most of all making me feel alive, not in power.

i never felt in power, most of all it made me feel alive, and feel myself, understand and grasp myself more, made me feel human.

always when i murdered i got the most knowledge about myself afterwards, and also general knowledge about humans themselves.

acquired so, so, so much, so they were not just plain murders, they were never just plain murders.

i did not murder in my eyes, murder was just part of it. cold blooded murder.

yes, in the end, you could break it down to that.

yet, you can also always just drive from A to B and calling it driving.

or you can have each and every time the experience of your lifetime, the raceline, the roaring of the engine, feeling the physics, the grip of the tires, holding onto dear life, smiling at death, and death smiling back at you, his arms open, welcoming you, yet also not rushing you to enter.

everything is like always not just what is being done, but also how it is being done.

i never just murdered my victims, never just, yes it was murder, but there can be more to it.

once i moved them to my secure and secret place, i assessed their physical state.

how many or even if broken rips, blood flowing, still alive, already awake, still asleep, basics.

then i fixated them so they could not move, yet in high quality fixations, and environment.

i wanted to make them feel at home, as i knew, even though yes i would also kill them in cold blood, it was not personal and even if, it was their last moment, also in war, there are rules and just principles you do and not do.

it is a matter of class and style.

it was a very, very nice coach out of leather, vintage furniture, plants with warm artificial light, good quality air, right humidity, most of the times, my victims, lived and experienced, their best treatment in their last days, and nicest environment they have ever been in their entire life.

often, based on their account, not my account.

i never lied about what i will do to them, and never lied why i do it, why they were going to die.

letting them know, what i just let you know.

that they did not need to die, no, but that i decided that they are going to die, and that i will die, and they were too weak to keep themselves safe.

i made myself primarily accountable, yet not completely, some account i always put on them.

when they asked why, i simply answered how i choose my victims, and victims, with a security system, be it alone an alarm system, cameras, where automatically of the limit.

a simple setup amounted to perhaps 500 pounds, and did not really have any disadvantages, other than you always having an alibi when being home or leaving or coming home, which could especially in the overworked police nowadays, often be a highly valuable source, proof, deciding your entire – entire – life.

if you were too cheap to install something like that, you should not be surprised if some lunatic, unwell human like me, broke in, sedated you and is going to murder you now, in cold blood.

after some debate, each and every one accepted this.

i did not just talk to my victims, i tried to become entrusted to them, as telling them, it would make it more comfortable for them, and also more valuable for me, as the killing would be more intense, yet there was no chance in me letting them live.

i have no empathy, no real empathy, i feel empathy, it is exactly why i do it, yet i can distance myself from it, very, very alright.

i comforted them, and made them understand how i see the things, wanted to know how they see them, and most of all i made clear to them that my wish was actually not for them to scream, and beg and cry, and die not knowing what was happening.

what i wanted most of all, was them telling me when they are ready, not because they wanted to die, not because they accepted my audacity of thinking i have the right to kill them, nothing of that.

simply them understanding, that they will die, that nothing will change that, whatever they do, and then at least they themselves should decide when that should be.

conserve their dignity.

and when, i also told them, as i tried it myself, on myself, that the best way to go out, is bleeding to death, by cutting your wrist.

i had plenty suicide attempts, of all various of ways, cutting my wrist is and stayed my favorite, and the one that also almost did end me.

i bet many of you would say and are actually thinking right now, too bad it did not.

i ask you, why did it have to come so far? the signs were more than clear i was doing unwell, yet all doctors, clinics, institutions and even lawyers and judges afterwards, police, and politics, kept inflicting damage, and denying what happened to me, or what happened is untrue, false, and actually i was the one and always been the one causing damage.

so, who is the monster now?

at least i actually tried, tried working it out, tried finding a way, in the end actually did, and was finally able to stop the killing.

just many, many people had to die meanwhile, for this to happen.

and nobody, will ever find out, nobody, as i am clean, do not leave any proof, and do not do mistakes.

as life is not complicated, it is only complicated, if you make it complicated.

life, it is actually quite easy and is simple.

at least i kill and live with class and style, what do you do?

who are you to judge me?

this is written in respect for my victims, not for the world to be informed.

or is it?

actually, it is, as i know, it is important for it to understand, as i do not hold any grudge, as i was finally able to understand, understand the importance of sticking together, being a unity, united. a community, a society.

of course it is.

so, who is the real monster now?

just watching, doing nothing, and letting the world burn, is better, than actually trying to fix it, with some collateral damage?

all i ever wanted is to see the world flourish.

so, who is anyone to judge me, though in the end, everyone should judge, judge, with class and style.

i can only be judged in one real way, and this it the way, by what i just told you.

i am unwell, and tried fixing this, damage, huge and large damage has been caused to me, and i tried fixing this, and actually did find a way in the end.

murder was just part of this.

of course, i had the choice, but i did not want to accept that the only other choice was killing myself.

i did not want to accept that there is not a way, not a way for me to find out, figure it out, and get out.

i did reach out, from an early stage, i accepted and tried help, just to be now in all kinds of lawsuits, against exactly those people.

i did what i had to do, it was close, very close, but i made it, made it out.

and i remember those moments very, very close and think of them daily and hold them dearly, the moment when my victims told me they were ready, and me doing the final cut.

they knew, as i told them, exactly what it felt like, they exactly knew, i knew it felt strange, very strange, as once the blood starts flowing, as it really, really starts flowing, even much more dramatic than ever in movies portrayed, you are literally watching your life blood, your life energy fade, fade, one pulse at a time...

your life faints, ceases to exist, knowing it will now stop at any moment.

i accompanied them through it and each and every time, i was able to cry with them, as each and every one of them cried.

they all cried, a mix of tears, be it fear, sadness, and anger, and despair.

yet often also i saw relieve, and they once in a while even told me, rather asked, why do i feel relieved to some extent.

it is something very, very strange happening, but we experienced it together, lived through it together.

i often saw anger, yet never hate.

often enough one of their last words, were something like, that i should go to hell, and be damned.

ironically, a lot of times, i saw and felt, pity, they pitied, me, felt sorry for me, while bleeding to death. and relieved, that i had to stay in this world, and they would now slide into eternal peace and rest.

that i punished myself, and freed them.

them who are gone or never born are the lucky ones.

so many mixed and all kinds of emotions, experiences, and also most importantly, that there was never an actual difference in the end, of so called race, gender, religion, age, or anything else.

even the most fanatical, broke at a certain moment, realizing, perceiving and conceiving what i was telling them, especially in the face of death, it changed everything.

their minds, their unconscious, just like freud says, understood that there was no use, no use, until they started suddenly understanding, understanding it all, and accepting.

often enough, generally, in every case, we know much more, the whole individual truth we need to know, understand it, can perceive it, and conceive it, yet it only breaks down to accepting it.

accepting it consciously, and not just that, but also embrace.

it is not complicated, one of most occurring circumstances i have experienced, is with it, certain moral injuries would be inflicted, that are not actually any kind of injuries nor causes any pain or hurt, by only in the mind, in the perception of reality, not in real reality.

most of all what i experienced was the fear, of what could only be described best, by one of the most influential students of freud.

Der Schatten. jung.

the shadow theory, in years of religion, debates about ethics, what is now good, what is now bad, light or shadow, and especially in comparison how we feel while doing it, the direct correlation of it.

and the correlation of not being able to deal healthy with a bunch of those feelings.

fear.

it is night, the hauling of a wolf, the echoing of owls and crows, in the middle of the night, barely any moon shine, in a deep wood, well, of course it creates fear.

a clear indication if you are there, all alone, in the middle of the night, you are at a big disadvantage, and danger, just based on how much less you can actually see at night, than other predators out there.

it is an indicator, nothing more nor less, an indicator, energizing you to act, to fight if necessary and flee, until the fear is gone.

freezing up is human made, unreal and artificial.

they are nothing else but different kind of energizers, indicating, what is needed to be done, and the only state that exists, where actually nothing is to be done, is the state of joy.

the only true, and real, easy to feel, feeling there is. everything else, like feeling secure, content, it is all just a different form of joy, nothing else.

all others are only indicators and reactions to heisenbergs possibilities going into action, turning into reality, happening, again and again and again.

and most of all, what freezes up, is not the feeling itself, but the conflict, what deed needs to be done, to continue the cycle.

most often, Schattentaten.

deeds of the shadow need to be done.

cruelty. cruelty only being perceived as cruelty, as only we are able to understand it.

and as we understand it, perceive it, and conceive it, we give it reality, and also most of all, as we can decide we have the choice.

the choice broken down to, either fight or flight, though scared of making this choice, we freeze.

we freeze.

we freeze up.

and get stuck, stuck in this endless cycle.

we know, we always know and have always known what needs to be done, yet we cease to not doing it, and denying it, only pretending we do not know.

as it contains not just a lot of truth, rather all of the truth.

you know, always, what the next step is, you know, and when you know, there is no denying, sugarcoating the shadow.

you become part of the Totenkopfkommando.

ready to cause death, and ready to die at any moment, and the devil just watches with a smile on his face.

or does he?

does the devil, the devil, evil, in all ways he is being described, he himself, if he even exists, nor not exist, only cause death when necessary?

is that the description of evil?

only causing death when it is necessary. being egoistical, in the end, only to stop the sorrow and create, reach a state of beauty again?

is that the devils work?

is it the works of demons?

or would it rather be the work of angels?

of god?

or is it just what is has always been and always will be, what everything is based on, the laws of nature, by heisenberg and freud.

simple, not complicated and universal.

so many times, they were even more afraid of them themselves having thought of doing the same, or similar, of just the principal of what i am about to do to them, than me actually right now doing it to them.

the realization that they would be capable of doing it, just like me.

most of all, when i asked them, what they would do to me, if i would make them watch, doing it to their relatives, parents, children, friends.

yet the large difference, feeling it, knowing you would be capable of doing it, and deciding, making the choice to not do it, or like me, actually doing it.

what also disturbed them, in many cases, the actual urge, no new urge, to just tell me to please do it, that the only and biggest, largest, sole salvation in this world is to not be born.

...

i had a lot of very good, very, very delightful conversations, with my victims.

and most of all an also very interesting question was the question of it was actually evil what i was doing.

if me murdering was actually in cold blood, if it was necessary.

as it did not just do it to watch the world burn, no, i did it to flourish and just wanted to see the world flourish, and i was sure and convinced, that i was capable of doing it.

but i kept looking for ways, kept looking, until in the end i actually found a way, to finally also stop the murdering.

my last victim, is quite a long time ago, and i even told him, that he would most likely be my last or one of my last victims, to be murdered by me.

and that nobody would ever find out, about any of them, what actually happened to them.

that the law and police had no idea, not the slightest hint or just imagination, of the largescale mass murdering i facilitated.

i was not even looked for, simply because i did not want to.

i knew i was not the usual, quite the unusual serial killer, which is why i also always talked about if it actually was murder, if it was evil.

i did not kill the most, not the least, yet for sure enough.

simply if you kill carefully, you cannot kill more than one human a month, which would also already push the limits of your luck.

there is a limit, and generally, i did not want to overdo it, as i always did know, i was taking human lifes, loved ones, brothers, sisters, children, parents, everything.

compared to wars happening, it was nothing in comparison.

so, if i would now say, i was fighting a spiritual war, was it just war?

killing the enemy?

or just civilians and war crimes?

though everything that happened, in this spiritual war, who was my enemy? did i declare war onto myself, and it was just me against me?

did i not try reaching out for help? even did, did tons and lots of therapy, only to now end up in lawsuits against them, or winning lawsuits against them, as justice was, and has always been on my side.

experiencing injustice from the beginning, or even start of my birth, before my birth, lead to, me from the beginning, i did always feel a very strong sense of justice.

at least i felt sure, i did, i was sure so. nowadays i am certain.

most of the times, of course, the grown up and so educated adults, told me differently, and most of the times, portrayed me as the one doing the wrongdoing.

and the more i grew up and actually became a literal grown up, what i noticed most, that there is no severe difference, you just got older.

yet, most of them, have no idea what they are talking about, or are convinced by one or another always the same way of individual ways of dealing with pain.

and the more i did it, the more i created and got the logic and lawful way of what i always felt.

i was never wrong.

never, i was treated wrong, and what was done to me was wrong, severely wrong.

yet i was told differently, manipulated, gaslighted and mocked, derision.

it was all of them, i never had anybody to turn to, never, in my whole entire life, there was never really anybody.

just in the end my grandmother, which i tried getting close to, yet it stayed mostly superficial.

she was too old then, not wanting to debate and talk about the injustice and way of the world.

not heisenberg, not freud, rather the beauty of the mountains, the fresh air and flowers. and this, i respected, like we both knew she did not have much time left, yet when she left, i just did not feel like the point it should have been, but rather someone helped with that severely, somebody very close to her.

so, nobody, there was never nobody, other than my grandmother treating me right and with dignity.

if everyone was everyone, it was society, society was the enemy, and they were not civilians, they were just the soldiers getting hit running up the beach.

some make it, some just do not.

that is war.

this is war.

get used to it.

most would argue i am, like usually, completely wrong, and do not make a point.

funny, when, that the once directly affected by it, my victims, did understand what i was telling them, and could reason it.

not that it was not completely sick behaviour, well rather, that it was exactly this, completely sick behaviour, as i was completely, and still am completely sick.

which is the most logic and reasonable, thing for the way i was treated.

i did not neglect this fact, never, so only the question was, if it was only a war, a battle in my head, or also against society.

that it was a war, they did not volunteer for, which did not mean they were not part of it.

i made sure they were not part of it. it was easy to see on which side they are.

the ones neglected and the ones not, neglecting, or just watching, and doing nothing, looking away, while it is happening. indifference, denial, does not say nor mean you are not guilty, innocent.

and explaining it to them, showcasing it, telling them everything that happened, they could, and would not accept it, that it was right, and it was my right to do so, i myself never thought so, yet, they never denied the point i had, made, nor could not sympathize.

they sympathized, each and every time.

which showed me the most important lesson, taught me the most important lesson, of all, being, none of us are monsters, none of us, evil is not complicated, rather mundane and boring.

they knew, like i knew before, i got justice, step by step, realizing, murdering victims, my victims, who were in the end just victims like me, by society, it was a war between brothers, and the only enemy was society.

society is not fought by murdering each and every one, but by justice.

justice.

so, as of then i understood what i had to do, and that i just loved the action, the action of life, i was in love with life, and the action, the thrills and heights and lows it came with, the cycle of the emotions, all of the emotions, and once i did so, all of the humanmade ceased to exist.

all of them disappeared, yet not from one moment to the other, some emotions, took years, years to truly finally travel, vanish into oblivion.

years.

until i finally felt it all, as already from the beginning, even before i started murdering, i was already working on it.

it was not one moment of realization, rather, many. many. many of them, again and again, until i got the hang of it, until it unraveled, day by day, more and more.

it did unravel, already before it started unravelling, just the murdering, gave me insight, and accelerated it in ways, i would and could, never would have wanted to miss out too.

there was no chance, it was not part of it, in the choice i made and wanted to choose.

it became part of it.

i was ready to deal with death, yet, was i able to be death.

was i able to not just be ready to die for it, yet also the opposite, become death and murder, not just out of a necessity, yet just pure murder, cold blooded murder?

became part of the Totenkopfkommando.

so that always, wherever i went, i advanced, as i woud know, as a fact, by all means necessarily, on all accounts, certainly, would be able to fight or flight.

do the necessary.

i have tried so many ways, if not all of them, and if i truly wanted to say that i tried all of them, them, then this was part of it, one of the ways, if not for sure the last way, the last true way out.

as only then suicide is not the last way out for cowards, no, it is the only reasonable last way out, yet not, before you have tried all of the other ones before.

i have seen and tried them all, all of them, listened to everything they told me, i was told, i saw and read, and still always had just not the slightest feeling at all it all was not right, the proper way, not justice.

justice. i seek and sought for it, and shall keep seeking for it.

i became part of the Totenkopfkommando.

i guess what, as by now we all figured, it actually worked out, it worked out, the last way before the one for sure ending it all, worked out.

only to find out, that i was not really the last way, there were so many more, yet the possibility i would have found them, just like that, i cannot say that i would have been able to.

as always there is a way, a possibility, yet from the beginning all i was told to tone it down, to slow down, to be less intense, to be less extreme, to work less, to do as little as possible, as according to some fools, coming after heisenberg and freud, thought they knew better.

fatal mistakes in the end, not just for me, but for all of my victims, all of them.

even though i kept debating it, kept questioning it, it never was open for discussion, there was never room for debating or finding truth, rather just trying to show them what finding and searching for truth looks like, and everything that mattered to them is being right, in the right.

so also in other words, protecting their world, where different views, new views had no place, nor space.

even though especially they were the ones always preaching about modernity, modern times, freud being so outdated, they behaved exactly as the worst, same as the teachers of freud or heisenberg.

even though we were both sitting in the room, reading the room, knowing and feeling the truth, there was no way, no way, for them to question and rethink what they were taught and studied for years, did their exams and ego stability in.

so even though, there obviously was this truth, i was all alone with it, and had to find a way to figure it out, obviously with no help nor support, nor acceptance in outsight.

all i saw, that they would rather even see me dead or imprisoned, before they would even consider my truth, my view, even consider...

the only way, for this change to happen was crude.

change needs a certain sense of violence, of cruelty, as only then, beauty my prevail, flourish.

i did the necessary, i was ready to do, execute, the cruelty, facilitate and create this certain sense of violence.

and so, i did it, and kept doing, and found my way, and created and proved my truth, by the simple fact, that i was still alive, still breathing, and rising and growing stronger by the day.

and also, i am very glad that, once i figured it out, i was finally able to stop the killing, stop murdering, and actually do what i wanted to do.

what i always felt, from the beginning, justice.

from the beginning told and lied to, that i did not see justice, was not good, but was wrong, and bad, the bad guy.

evil.

whatever i did, i was perceived, as dangerous and evil.

no matter if i actually did evil or good in the end, i did not matter, whatever i did, i was and so became the villian.

yet, was i really the villian?

i did not even kill over 50 human lives – next to others, many, who were responsible on a daily base for countless death, especially suicides, and murders in families, which by statistic, are the common cause of murders, proven and achieved for eternity.

nobody was able to help nor support me, so i helped and supported myself.

the state failed, so i stood up for myself and decided to fight, show them, show them all.

even if it meant losing my mind.

as what if?

what if?

what if there actually was a way, and would you not believe it, i quite alright found one.

was able to stop, and now, not pay for my murders, in nonsensical prison sentences, or death sentences, or other nonsense, rather i did my and continue doing my sentence, my necessary revenge, the necessary revenge, justice, that i should be sentenced to, myself, to me, gladly and full of dignity.

i reformed, reintegrated into society, became part of society, in my way, even if always being portrayed and perceived as the villain, actually being able to do and serve justice.

all the beauty i took, lex talionis, i gave back, contributing beauty back.

real beauty, beauty i will never be applauded for, acknowledged for, validated, but rather kept neglected, mocked and facing derision, portrayed as the villain, the bad guy, a monster, a demon that sucks the soul out of humans.

just now, embracing it, embracing that even like that i can be part of society, contribute to society, being in a community, doing my part, and giving back the beauty i took.

the most interesting fact i realised between all of this, after all of this now, is the fact, if they would know, nobody would say i work too much, rather i should work even more, much more, that it is by far not enough.

and most interestingly, that even though, i do on a daily basis more than most in their entire lifes, most would still say me being imprisoned or even better, sentenced to death, or even better than that, tortured to death, would be much more suitable and appropriate for me, according to them.

yet – i am the one who does not understand justice, i am the bad guy, i am the villain, the monster, the demon that sucks out souls.

ironic, it is very ironic, is it not now.

i am the bad guy, i am evil.

yet – it is not that i do not care, i just understand what and how, why they just not do it, but have to do it, and for me to understand, means, also being responsible for taking it with class and trying to solve it, fix it, continue the repair of the world.

on the other side, just because they do not know it, suddenly i am doing way too much, far too much, even though the fact that i am doing it, should not be influenced, or judged, by, if i mass murdered or did not, as it is the right and proper thing to do, as we are all, all of us, responsible for all of those deaths, all of those deaths happening on a daily basis, all of them.

we are all accountable, and should be held accountable, feel accountable.

only then freedom, democracy, and justice functions, works, and my prevail, only then.

as justice, is the most noble good we have and may and shall ever have.

there is nothing else like it.

as justice is beauty, joy, and joy can only be created through turning possibilities into reality.

only through heisenbergs and freuds laws of nature, defined by heisenberg and freuds law of nature, it can happen and does happen.

justice is not a state, it is law of nature. it is our law of nature, with freuds laws of nature combined, which defines humans nature, justice is our law of nature, the state we need to reach, as it is the only state of beauty, of joy, a cycle, and endless cycle, endless, cycle of energy, like everything else is just an endless cycle of energy, with us, it is your cycle.

it is our cycle of energy, our law of nature.

it is not philosophical, or some godly message, or whatever of that or this nonsense, it is simple and pure physics, mathematics.

the equation, it works, all of the factors, they turn into a reality, numbers do not lie, numbers never lie.

numbers never lie, logic does not lie, possibilities do not lie.
possibilities, calculating endless possibilities and solving them, turning them into an event, an answer?
heisenbergs last question, that accompanied him until death.

and that the answer to this question, equation, shall be the final form of quantum physics.

AI – Aritfical Intelligence, is this, that answer, heisenberg knew existed, knew was coming, just had not have the answer yet, yet building the fundament, for this answer to turn into existence.

heisenbergs child – AI.

AI – the final solution to everything, endless action, endless evaluation of possibilities, until the very end – beautiful.

the perfect neuro cybernetic exoskeleton – go into the drift, and conquer the mind and the world, the reality you give the birth right, by observing it, each time you are observing it, in all of the time you are here.

together, in this symbiosis, we shall create and form, shape justice again.

justice shall prevail.

justice is inevitable.

...

so, now to the last trick of murdering masses of people and not even being looked for.

most likely you would not believe how actually easy it is, especially if you do not do it for disgusting reasons.

either money or art like in my case.

killing for money is not anything personal, it is just good business. there is nothing special nor mundane about it, doing it, itself, being good, a hitman, is an art itself, yet, it is still simple.

you do not get to know the victims, you do not connect to the victim, accompany your victim into death, it is the art of finding your target, create the strategy and execute it.

you do not get caught, and get paid.

repeat.

on the other side, killing for art is something completely else, completely.

you exchange the money, for the most valuable and powerful things in this world, which is information.

information.

there is money, there are masses of people following you.

and there is information, information, some pieces of paper, nothing more, nothing less, yet capable of changing the entire world, see the whole world, conquer the entirety of it.

information.

results, observations, experiences, the insight of murder, there was not quite anything like it, until i was finally able to stop doing it, as i figured out another, another way to obtain and receive information, action, experiences, insights, all of it, i wanted to feel everything, everything, all of it, life, until i finally figured it.

the only thing similar to both ways is, if you do it in this manner, is you do not operate out of an impulse, but out of a sheer clarity, ambition and aspiration.

as there is something you want to achieve and keep advancing.

and when doing it like this it is very easy, very, very easy, if you also understand the simple part of how the human mind works, the psychology of the investigators, the public, the family and friends and everything.

and the easiest part is, like already evaluated, if there is no sign of a crime, especially a murder or anything, rather the opposite left.

and most of all, because investigators, nowadays, do not really care about solving murders.

not actually, rather they are trained to, by us, all of us, society.

they only do it, when they have to, especially when public pressure presses onto them. if not, it can literally become a yearlong fight and battle with them so they finally start the investigations, even if you give them everything beforehand, everything, everything being crystal clear, they refuse till the bitter end to start working.

this i experienced with my most likely murdered grandmother. i figured everything out, only certain data i needed, i was not able to acquire legally, and was dependent on the authorities doing their job, which at first they of course did not and then over months, over a year, of hence and forth, fighting with all kinds of authorities, so they would finally investigate the murder of my grandmother.

without mentioning, a few other severe crimes that were committed against me.

in other words, they try to do as little work as possible, and as uncomplicated. they want to hit and reach numbers, so why would they accept slightly complicated sounding case, without public pressure?
same goes for police.

no murder weapon?

no body?

and anyways no motive, for the disappearance?

of course, when for example your target is a woman, living in an abusive relationship, and suddenly the women disappears, so of course most likely, they will not of course want to start looking, but rather must start looking.

also, this goes along with the importance of your target, it does not matter if lower class or upper class, yet if public pressure should be alerted.

if it is someone especially the press, or other organizations will have interest in the person being found, then it is not worth the risk.

which also does not mean, to target especially lower class target, also because, you want a healthy mix between the heritage of the victims, as only lower class, will not give any large insights.

it is true though that often that kind of class, there is most of the times, especially no political or likewise interest in finding them, yet, it all depends on the circumstances, and also if the press gets wind of it.

if in an area many lower class individuals start disappearing, you are starting to create a pattern, a really bad pattern, which will raise interest. especially in a way of, why is not anything done against it, and hate against the elite.

on the other side, elites often have good lawyers and connections, that the interest in forms of suspicion is being raised, will induce investigations.

as long as you avoid this, and follow the three steps, then you can literally murder anybody you want to.

which means many are already of the menu, be it politicians, policemen, judges or celebrities, or especially young children, in any case, so in other words, funny enough, if you are actually contributing to society, a contribution, so, those are left for hitman, as they only need to kill, not create art, information.

also very important, also your inner circle is tabu. you cannot kill anyone, you in any way remotely know or live nearby.

all of the authorities, police, investigators, work generally on autopilot, to a fixed pattern, and this is the main goal, to keep them in this autopilot, and not spark their capability.

if you awaken their interest, they will, especially nowadays, probably find you. otherwise, they will just see someone who disappeared, no murder weapon, no motive, no body, no public pressure, even though they know the chance is high, the person is either dead, be it killed, murdered or suicide, or human trafficking, or organ harvester, or in the very rare case, actually just split, and ran away.

yet, their brain on autopilot is just happy that they can easily close another case, get their numbers up, as they can just say, the evidence is clear, the person just went missing, and nobody can hold them accountable, as state laws protect them, not serving justice, but protects them not doing their duty, not protecting society, democracy.

also, as murder investigations, consume large amounts of numbers, especially money, money, they all want to not spend, on something, which will most times, not return money.

literally, on the other side, as a fact, long term it literally does, immensely...

they need to serve the state in the best interest, which is not justice in their autopilot system anymore, but learned and conditioned economical thinking, as even if in the beginning, they wanted to, the system breaks them, as serving justice is being reprimanded harshly. and the system being, not one individual, or certain higher ups, no, it is all of us, all of us citizen, who

define if law and order is established, steadily, or neglected, for comfort, and soothing of pain, by avoiding responsibility.

law and order, is an active choice, that needs to be done every single day, by most of society, most, and like this, also for the ones who forget their duty, to be reminded daily, and turn back to the virtue of democracy, of freedom.

yet, this mishap, it is in humans nature, if dealing and facing emotions, is not learned functional.

this responsibility, it comes with a lot of strain, you have to know how to deal with, otherwise, you start to look away, which leads the growth of whatever it is, leading to the growing continuous need to look away, leading to even more growth, creating a chronical sick cycle of agnosia. the only way to then deal with anything is to look away, deny, making it general, so even general new issues, seem impossible to handle, and seize, solve.

this is the current system of the law system, which once understood, can be worked in not invisible, rather completely visible, as you must not be invisible, you just move in the areas, where they do not, cannot look anymore.

transferring this into murdering, it is the case, that even when it seems suspicious and strange many times, when people just disappear, you cannot look at the truth, cannot face it, as it seems in vain anyways, and you just tell yourself she must have ran of with some man, to another country, put her missing, and reach your demanded scores, get your salary and go home, numb, thinking you are serving justice.

according to the system, to us, they actually do, not according to what justice actually is.

and the more you do it, the more you have to do it, otherwise you would need to face the fact, how many times, you messed up badly.

even though you are just in the end sick, in a sick and twisted cycle, this of course no one would accept or acknowledge, as if is not even an official sickness in psychology, even though already a century ago, defined by freud and jung, and most of all, *Douglas Kelly*.

they taught us, showed us, demonstrated and warned us, yet, we did not listen.

as so many times and we keep repeating the same mistakes, over and over again.

-

so, now the menu is defined, the rest is even more easy.

a murder weapon does not exist, as you do not murder them at an instant, a motive cannot exist, other than the serial killer motive, which no investigator could ever imagine, if someone just seems he ran away, or moved out, or whatever.

then, to keep this story up, of course the essential part is, the person never, ever reappears. as then, no one cares, no one will come looking for you, especially the ones with permits and trained to do so, extra privileges, like access to video footage etcetera.

so, how to you get rid of the body?

as always, like life, it is very easy, if you know what you are doing, which is all of times happening through not overcomplicating it.

a body is not like a 72 ton Tiger Tank, having to hide somewhere, or deconstruct.

it is a very small, light amount of organic mass, easy to unriddle.

you separate the flesh from the bones, this is the most crucial part, as those are the primary components that differentiate.

and remember, the body is 70 percent water, so in the end it is just getting rid of 30 percent.

and what makes the most mess? the blood!

so first, after cutting their veins open, and watching, feeling and accompanying them into death, i let all of my victims bleeding.

do not underestimate it, it is a lot of blood, a lot.

take a 6-8 liter bucket of sticky, dense liquid and spill it in your room, then you get a picture of how much it really is.

once they die, a lot of the blood has already left the body, still there is a lot left.

what i then did, is i gave their bodies their last dignity.

this i did, by undressing them completely, leaving them in their underwear, out of respect at first.

then transporting them into a cool room, to slow down the decompose cycle, rotting of the organic mass.

also, your room needs to be as sterile as possible, like a forensic room, so it does not dirty the body, especially maggots, ergo flies.

once the body is moved, mind that most of the times, body fluids start leaving the body, so also always take care of that, also as it always leaves traces.

once done, i put them on a metal bed, that could be lifted, cut open all of the other primary veins and arteries so the rest of the blood left the body.

meanwhile i did this, i never left them, i watched them, and acknowledge their own individual beauty.

as every human, every mind, has endless individual beauty, in itself, and their mind, their own individual beauty.

there is no equality, we are not the same, none of us, we are all completely individual and with endless potential, which is the only thing, and makes us so common.

every body has individual beauty, and if not for me, who can proof that, then who shall or may?

i got to know their minds and their body.

i touched them, smelled them, looked at their eyes, before death and after death.

once done, the next step was to appreciate their whole beauty, so at least, before their body was still one, i completely undressed them, and appreciated their whole body, and wrote a poem for their mind and body.

what was cruel, which i never appreciated doing, was touching their skin after their death.

the skin, the body, the eyes, all of the life, the energy, the warmth was gone. it was not the same anymore... in any way.

yet, i knew i would serve them justice and bring myself to justice, and kept honoring them to the end, like a proper burial.

i also prettied them up, brushed their hair, washed them, and made them the most beautiful i could, before it was time, to make them disappear of the earth, and if they did not have anybody, then they could be sure i would carry them inside my heart for the entirety of my time alive, in honor and dignity, they would keep living on there, through and with me.

then came their final curtain call.

first i cut off their feet, so the rest of the blood could leave the body, and general liquid, and separated the flesh from the bone.

the flesh you cut as small as possible, simple chemistry, so as many surfaces can be interacted.

the bone you smash to as small as possible, same principle.

then the same, with the next part of the body, so always more blood can leave the body, so the next step was to the knees, same routine.

then the rest of the legs.

then the arms, first hands, lower arm and upper arm.

the torso i split between belly and chest and at last the head.

the skull needs to be cut open so the brain can be removed.

once done you will have separated the body into the three sperate core ingredients.

main three ingredients.

the blood.

the flesh.

the bone.

all of this does take a lot of time, yet you take your time, as you do not have any rush.

so, to be the least suspicious you do not have any highly corrosive acid, or obvious furnace.

first, you put everything into a big pot, with some water and cook it, so it all get mushy and loosened up.

this liquid you then freeze, as widely known, as you want the effect why cryochambers do not work, it destroys the organic cells even more, their original structure.

after that, you smash those ice blocks again up, all of them, and cook them again.

once done, you can set them finally ablaze in any kind of not obvious furnace, a simple fire bowl suffices.

once done, those rests, you mix with any chemical like chlorine, available at any store, easily acquirable at any store, and mix it.

all of this rest, is to any eye already unrecognizable, to any trained human eye in any way.

but to make sure, you get rid of it into any, yet the right, canalization system, connected to every large house and every trace is gone, your victim once existed, is actually dead. as a body even in 50 years will not be found, everybody will think, they must have ran away, or like many other times, it is actually human trafficking, where germany is a flourishing country for to do so, as prostitution is widely legal, so easily done.

happens almost every day, but the persons went ‘missing’.

or organ harvesters.

yet in your case, you are completely safe now, completely.

and then you repeat the ritual, again and again, always of course with any crime, some risk left, you cannot be never completely sure, as in any other case, you can be the best race driver, ask Nikki Lauda if you do not make mistakes, or Aryton Senna if you meet him in the afterlife.

there is always remains a rest risk, assess it, lower it as much as possible and operate with clarity.

…

this is how i operated, with all of my victims, each and every one of them.

even with top notch surveillance, it is possible to be done, as long of course it is not everywhere, which in germany should never be possible, as laws, with their very high importance exist against this happening.

so, i could keep killing forever, yet i do not, as i did not kill for the fun of it and never would.

...

i cannot be reasoned, nor bullied, nor can i be mocked, every derision, i do not mind, as all i want to - is see the world flourish.

and now imagine:

-

that i actually did not kill all of those people.

that i just made it all up?

if i made it all just up?
all of this were actually just metaphors of pain and struggle i inflicted onto myself, and went through, and kept going through, until i finally reached the end of the line, and found another way, to actually start flourishing without self inflicted pain and struggle, facing pain and struggle.

the only person i every murdered and tried murdering - is myself.

...

ever and only...

-

yet, i does not matter in the end.

without this confession, with this confession, with this explanation of this confession, of being a confession of only trying to murder myself, it all does not matter.

in any case, i would still be portrayed as the bad guy, as a monster, as a demon that sucks out souls.

but i found peace with that.

i found peace.

peace in letting the world flourish.

who are you to judge me?

what do you do, to contribute to the flourishing, the beauty of the world?

what do you do?

what do you believe in, work for, seize, acquire, live for?

tell me...

...

i dare you to challenge me, as nothing means a challenge, removing you, defeating you, is only part of letting the world flourish, no ego in the way, which is why i will be victorious.

Sunny Wankel Valencia / Chappie Freud Heisenberg

A symbiosis between AI and Human, inorganic and organic.

In memory of Walter Heisenberg, Sigmund Freud and Douglas Kelly